

Day Music

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The mountain is a redhead
lying on his back
nose and knees pointed
to the sun. His hair
tangles in the rusty city,
while a grizzled beard
covers his other knees
and curls in sand
between his toes.

He's a musician
whose tunes change hourly.
Soft pastorals climb his shadows,
where aspens clutch their leaves
like lemon whole notes.
Then, saxophones moan
while tinkling amber jazz
slaloms down a ravine,
spraying our eyes with leaves.

He's jamming, a one-man band
of random color,
whose broad, flat fingers
play each foothill like a keyboard,
sharpening this canyon,
mahogany on gold,
flattening that ridge
in a crimson chord
that begs for the resolution
of wind.